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# Waking up without a clue



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## Chapter 1 by John Smith

Outside the frigid weather was dropping into the 20's as the ice crystals grew across the pane of the window through which the flicker of the dying flame could be seen. There was footsteps on the cobblestones as someone hurried to get in from the bite of the winter weather. Oddly, the homes, none of which had porch lights on melted into the darkness outside of the light provided by the sparsely spaced streetlights. It was a normal winter night in a normal New England town and the cold winds of change were just starting to pick up. Inside number 342 Privette Drive where a man lay cooling and his body growing stiff water is running somewhere. The sound is far away from the body - were someone to follow the sound through the home they would go through the kitchen and find it louder and not coming from the kitchen sink. The short narrow door in the far corner of the kitchen with cracked paint, once light blue and now faded to almost white rests ajar. The noise of the tinkling water wafts out of the doorway. The water sounds like a hiss - almost like static from a television as it runs down a drain in a grimey porceline sinks as he washes the blood off of his face and looks at the cut on his forehead in the mirror splattered with his own blood. He rinses his face and scrubs his hands across it to wake himself up from what must surely be a dream and to clean off what is blood - but how can it be blood? How can this be happening? He stared into his own eyes and shook his head trying to clear the cobwebs that were around the sides of his vision since he regained consciousness on the floor in the kitchen just minutes ago. He had fallen coming down the stairs and hit his forehead on the banister gashing it open and splattering blood on the floor and the walls from the impact. How long was I asleep or wait - I wasn't asleep - I was unconscious - how long was I unconscious and how did I GET unconscious? Ugh! My head is pounding is all he could think as

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talk about all of this medication you are taking." but not now - now I just need something to stop this headache and 15 minutes to let it work. Shuffling through the bottles he found Vicodin. Thank God! His headaches rarely went away with anything other than vicodin and all he wanted right now was for the pain to stop and the nausea to go away. He cupped his right hand under the tap and filled it with water and flipped 4 vicodin tablets into his mouth and swallowed them with the water. He pulled the chain shutting off the light over the sink and walked slowly to the sofa holding the side of his head with his left hand and slowly rubbing his eyes with his right as if to get sleep out of them. At the couch he flopped down and put his head on the pillow - fluffing it so that it supported his neck and closed his eyes, just for a few minutes, just a few minutes.

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